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President of a Club of Female Wits in the Haymarket.

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Remarks, and Notes made on such Occasions, and at the
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where the above celebrated Genius and his jovial Companions
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their Evenings.

Compiled by a JUSTICE of the PEACE.

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be had, not only separate, but also bound together, Price 3s.
being the most admired Library of Mirth and Good Humour
now extant.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

HOWEVER odd the Assertion may appear, it is certain Truth that *Jest Books* in general are the *dullest Things* in the *World*; of near *forty* under different *Titles* in *English*, and about the same *Number* in *French* (which have been reciprocally stolen from one another) there are very few that are even tolerable; the same Matter having been from Time to Time retailed into most of them, till it has become so stale and antiquated, that the *Spirit* is entirely *evaporated*.

The *new Collection* here offered to the Public, besides a Degree of *Novelty* to be met with at present in no other System of Laughter, has a *greater and better Variety* of Matter than was ever yet compiled for the same Purpose. It also contains a much *larger Quantity* than has yet been given for the same Price. And the Whole is adorned with a *droll Frontispiece*, which alone, is worth more than the Price of the Book.

A [H I] N T

To CRITICS, vulgarly called CRICKETS.

I Always know a critic by his face,
His forehead's wrinkled, and his nose is curl'd;
He never can sit quiet in his place,

But fidgets up and down, for all the world,

As if he'd rode upon a trotting horse,

With a hard saddle, many a weary mile;

And then he mutters out some words of course,

As pish! and psha!—then grins a ghastly smile.

Raising weak doubts, and stumbling over straws,

At ev'ry word and ev'ry letter quib'ling;

Picking small holes, and tearing little flaws,

Like a malicious mouse who will be nibbling.

If thou art one of these, my Reader dear,

Prithee lay down the book; it is not for ye;

Or if in spite thou needs wilt persevere,

Stay half a minute whilst I tell a story.

In the warm climate of Virginia dwells,

Unknown to us, a Coxcomb of a bird,

His crest with variegated plumage swells,

A Mock-bird he is call'd, for not a word,

Or note has nature given him of his own,

But only the pert talent of a fool,

Of better birds to imitate the tone,

Taking them off, by way of ridicule.

A nightingale, who, seated on a spray,

With her sweet pipe regal'd the neighb'ring plains,

Hearing our critic with his mimic lay,

To doleful ditties turn her love-lorn strains;

With indignation thus address'd the fool;

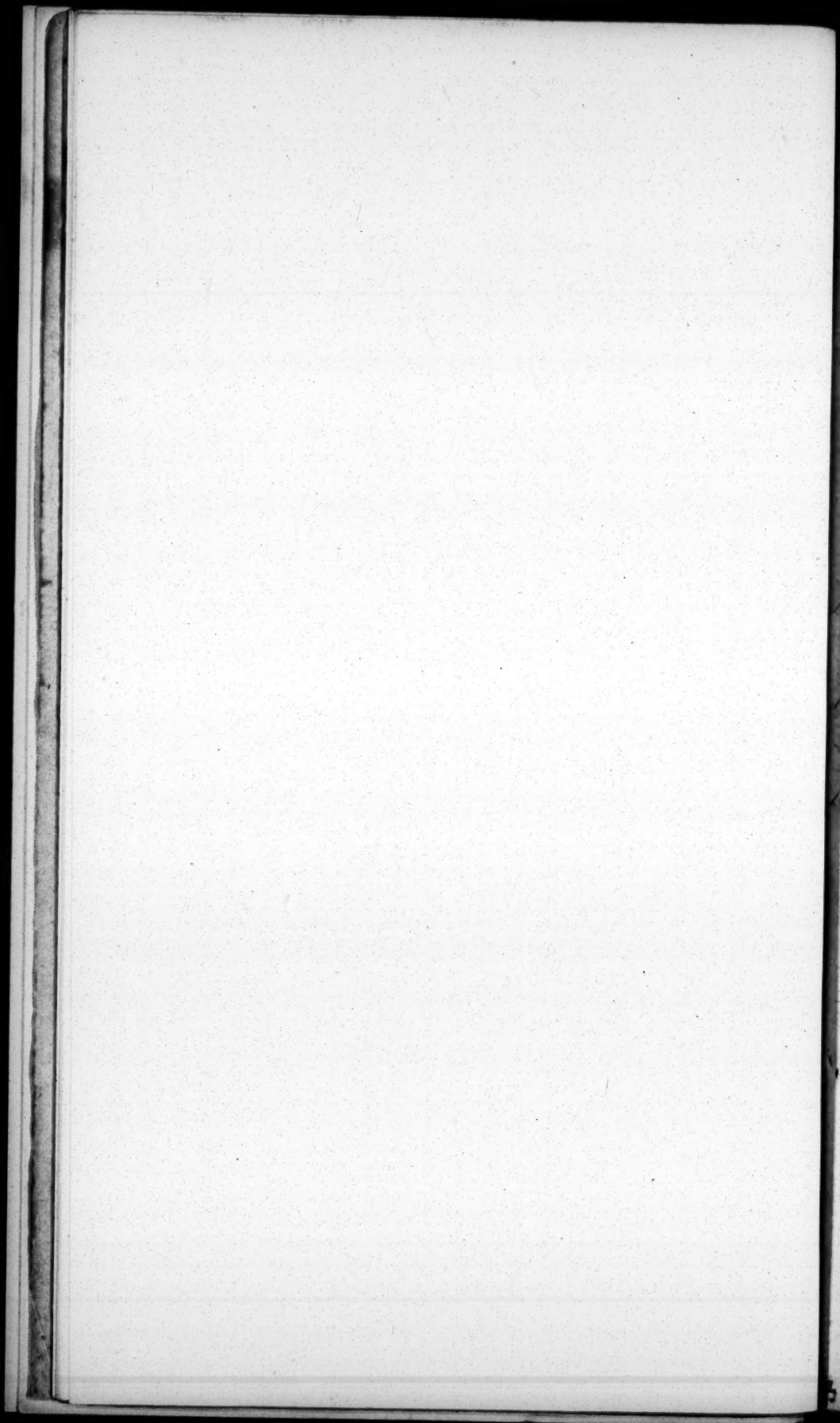
“My song may not be perfect, it is true;

“But as th' example's better than the rule,

“Pray, Sir, now let us have a song from you.”

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AN ENTIRE NEW
COLLECTION
OF EXCELLENT

JESTS, &c.

Among which are a great Number of Originals,
never before printed.

MR. D——g conversing with a gentleman, who observed how hard he had pressed upon Lord George Gordon, and how ably he had argued in another cause for Lord William—“Why really,” replied the counsellor, “I did much towards the *hanging* of one brother, and I attempted to *marry* the other: I failed in the first point, and I fear I shall not succeed in the other.” “Be that as it may,” said the gentleman, “I think both the brothers are much obliged to you.”

A person in court observing, that it appeared strange for Lord George's counsel to faint away,
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and quaintly enough observing upon the impropriety of it—"That," replied his friend, who stood by him, "must depend upon circumstances. The question is, Was it in the learned gentleman's brief or instructions that at a certain time he should faint away? If it was not, then the thing was improper; but if it was, then I contend that he would not have been an *honest man* if he had not fainted."

Mr. Bearcroft arguing strongly in a cause against one Mr. Vansittart, said, as the gentleman's name was rather uncouth, he hoped the court would allow him to shorten it, and call him Van; this being permitted, he went on, taking occasion often to repeat the name in such a manner as made many half-witted persons laugh. Mr. Vansittart, however, easily retorted the joke upon the counsellor, by applying to the court for leave to shorten Mr. Bearcroft's name in a similar manner: "I hope," said he, "this will be allowed; and if I take the liberty of only calling the learned gentleman *Bear*, I have no doubt but I shall be well understood by every body."

A lady of fashion being much pressed by an adventurer to enter into the matrimonial state, having heard his true character, told him she had no inclination to change her condition. At length, after using several arguments to persuade her to his wishes, he told her, it must be very uncomfortable for her who had tasted the sweets
of

of society to live as a lone woman. "Why I must own, Sir," replied the lady, "that may be the case; but I have always thought *solitude* preferable to *bad company*."

The king of Prussia, who loves to converse with his subjects, being on a journey to Breslaw, passing by a farmer's house near Schweidnitz, observed that he had abundance of fine cattle, and a remarkable large dunghill. The monarch asked him how he contrived to manage so much better than his neighbours? "My father," said the farmer, "was killed by your majesty's side, and I have the indulgence of being exempted from taxes, which will always increase a farmer's stock and prosperity." "I am glad you have experienced this," said the king; "but I am afraid we must be content to see smaller dunghills if the war continues; for my people must be *defended* as well as *fed*."

A gentleman observing on the smartness of C. F.—while he was yet a lad, another who was standing by observed, that when children discovered so much genius in their early years, they generally grew very stupid when they come to maturity. "If that is the case," said C. F. "then you must have been very remarkable for your genius when you were a child."

One who had been obliged to take up his lodgings in St. George's Fields, being brought up by *hæbeas corpus* to give evidence on a trial

at Westminster-Hall, counsellor D——g asked him with a sneer, whether he was not a King's-Bench Collegian? "Yes, Sir," replied the other, "and I really thought that by residing there I should have avoided the impertinences of *Dunning*."

An honest Welshman going into an inn on the western road, where he had a rabbit dressed for supper, which proved not to be very fresh, found some fault with it; on which the landlord was much affronted, and at last told his guest that it was better than the rabbits of his country. "Not at all," said the Welchman, who well understood him. "Our rabbit was christened by K, James the First *rare bits*, for such he thought toasted bread and Welch cheese when he was hungry: this term has been corrupted into rabbit; now something may be said for this; ours was a *rare bit*, but by St. David he could have called your's but a *stinking bit* to make the best of it."

A certain American officer boasting before one of the generals that he was wounded in the face in a late action with the royalists, his general knowing him to be a coward, at first took no notice of what he advanced; but on his repeating the boast, only advised him the next time he run away, to take care not to look behind him.

Mr. C. Fox used often to relate the following anecdote of one John Prideaux, who died at the beginning



beginning of the last century. He was born in Devonshire, and put up for the humble place of parish-clerk of Ugborough; but not being elected, he set out to seek his fortune. Arriving at Oxford, he got admitted into the kitchen of the University; but being a person of some abilities, and much inclined to study, he was admitted as a member of that body, where he made such an amazing progress, that in process of time he became rector of his college, and was advanced to the bishopric of Worcester by King Charles I. This prelate used to say, that if he had been made clerk of Ugborough, he should never have been promoted. After the death of the unfortunate king, his patron, he suffered so much from sequestrations in the time of the rebellion, that he was again reduced to poverty. At this time a friend saluting him with "How does your lordship do?" "Never better in health," said the prelate, "and I have a fine appetite; only the misfortune is, that my stomach is too great, for I have already eaten up the little that was left. I have also eaten a valuable library of excellent books, a great quantity of linen, brass and pewter, and now I am reduced to live upon iron; what I shall do next, heaven only knows." "As to the latter part of the story," says Mr. Fox, "I knew a poor fellow that was reduced as low; for after having eaten up a fine horse and an equipage, with a great quantity of plate and household-furniture, he at length ate all his cloaths to one coat, breeches, and shirt, (for a *waistcoat* he thought *waste* and

superfluous) and being thus reduced to his *last shift*, he swore he must have eaten the flesh off his bones, if a surly old uncle of his had not died suddenly, and thus once more put him in possession of a competency.

The French king being informed of the riots in London in June last, was told (as was the general supposition) that Lord G—e G—n, a Scotchman, was at the head of the insurgents. "Well," said Louis, "then it is likely that G—e will have trouble enough with his namesake; but it will not be the first time that the Scotchmen have been *troublesome* to his family.

A young gentleman, well known for his excesses, meeting one of his acquaintance, asked him if he had heard of the late riots, and how many were condemned for them? "Not exactly," said he; "but I hope you will take care of yourself." "Why so?" replied the young gentleman? "you know I was not concerned in them." "Why," answered the other, "I wonder you can talk in that manner, when I was witness to your concern in one of them." "Aye! which was that?" "Why, Frank, you know very well; it was when you picked up Nell R—, and beat the watch, last Monday night, under the Piazza.

A certain modern philosopher having been at great pains to define the meaning of the term
beautiful,

beautiful, at length gave it as his opinion, that every thing was beautiful which answered the end. Some time after the philosopher having taken a dose of very bitter physic, a wit who had heard his definition, asked him whether the medicine had operated as it was designed? "Yes," replied the philosopher. "It was *beautiful physic*," cried the wit. "By no means," returned the moralist, "it had an ill look, smell and taste, and made me for the present very sick." A few days afterwards, this philosopher having offended a stout man, who gave him the discipline of the horsewhip—the wit, who was present, interposed to save him, but could not help observing, that it was a *beautiful whip*. "I could not see the beauty of it," said the philosopher. "Oh," replied the other, "it must be beautiful, according to your own description, for it certainly answered the end for which it was intended."

Two Scotchmen meeting on the northern road, he who was travelling southward requested the other to give him some account of the capital, adding, "It is very strange that we can get but a very imperfect description of so great a city in our parts, from whence so many go thither." "Not at all," replied the northern traveller, "it is because so few ever think proper to come back again."

The chaplain of the house being examined as an evidence at Lord G——e G——n's trial,
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the latter observed, that this was a cruel circumstance, "because," said he, "*I am deprived of the benefit of clergy.*"

The same nobleman objected to a person whose name appeared upon the list of the jury, the gentleman being a rope-maker. "I must certainly challenge him," said his lordship, "for he is an interested man *by profession.*"

A certain eminent tradesman in the city, not more remarkable for a near disposition than for a competent stock of assurance, which he generally displayed a great portion among his female acquaintance, being asked for charity by one who seemed a real object, replied, according to his usual phrase, "I have no copper, friend." "That is often the gentleman's case," said a lady in company; "but, however, to make amends, he always carries *brass* enough about him."

A macaroni gentleman in the military line, having given a soldier a thrashing with his cane for "*looking saucily and scornfully,*" as he expressed it, one of his brother officers saying something in the man's behalf, the other said, he believed the fellow might be a good man, but he could not always command his temper. The veteran officer observed, that he had often been seen to command it in company of his equals. The macaroni then said, that was because they never provoked him, nor looked scornfully at him.

him. "I am of a different opinion," answered his brother officer, surveying him with a look of supreme contempt; "I have now contradicted you, and am at this time provoking you much more than the poor fellow did, and yet you bear it with all the calmness of philosophy." The other sneaked off, and thus proved, that his *courage* was just equal to his *humanity*.

Lord H——, though a battered old rake, being fond of very young girls, one of his honourable dependants recommending to him a female of seventeen, "Psha!" cried his lordship, "that is *mellow* fruit." "I am of a contrary opinion," said one of that nobleman's acquaintance, "for they must be *green* enough, who have any thing to do with Lord H——."

Mr. C. F— was in his early years what is called a spoiled child, infomuch, that the servants were ordered by lady H——d not to contradict him, but to let him have his way in every thing, on pain of being turned away.— One day it happened that a fine pig being at the fire, master Charley took it into his head to make water over it. The cook remembering the orders given, suffered him to gratify his fancy, and afterwards sent up the pig with this label affixed to it,

"If I amifs should taste or look,

"Blame the *young cub*, and not the *cook*."

The late pope (Ganganelli) seeing a young man very intent upon taking off some fine pieces in one of the churches at Rome, sent for him, and desired to know his profession. The youth replied, that he had been bred to none, but that his father was a merchant, who had failed and died in Florence. "Whatever your father was," said his holiness, "I see you are inclined to be a painter, but it is not customary to take off church-pieces in the manner you did." The young man began now to excuse himself; but the pope desired him not to be alarmed, insisted on seeing his piece, and had him instructed in drawing at his own expence. Some of those about him expressed their wonder at his holiness's generosity to this stranger, and the more so as they said it appeared he was a Protestant, from which heresy not a step had been taken to convert him. "Ah," said Ganganelli, "as a *pope*, I am bound to commend your pious care; but as a *man*, I must tell you *that PAINTING is of no religion.*"

The famous Dr. G——m, better known by the name of Dr. Adelphi, the emperor of the quacks, bargaining for a lease which he wanted to take upon three lives, expressing his wonder that a sum was asked beyond what was usual upon such an occasion. "O doctor," said the attorney, who was concerned, "you ought not to make any dispute in this case, as we are informed two of the three persons concerned, neither of whom is yet thirty, advise with you, and follow your

your rules; so that their lives, by your own plan, may be extended to one hundred and fifty years, and we have rated them accordingly."

A country wag reading that infamous advertisement of the above doctor, wherein he promises, by means of his *cælestial* bed, to produce a race of *mortals* superior to our present *immortals*, being asked what he thought of it—"Were I a churchman," replied he, "I should think he made a feeble attempt to give a mortal stab to religion. Were I a philosopher, I might say the same of mortality; as it is, I shall only say, that he must be *mortally* foolish who would suffer his wife to try the experiment."

The same learned doctor having observed that *brushing* would answer all the ends of electricity, was desired to brush up his memory, as he had asserted that his *electrical machines* were the only means of preserving the health of his majesty's subjects. This was a *brush* for the imperial doctor, who soon after brushed off, highly affronted at his own words being thus quoted against him.

A parson passing by Langdale's at the time of the riots, and seeing the relicks of those who had been burned in the confusion of the preceding night—"See," said he, "these were men who gave their bodies to be burnt, and yet had not charity!" A very pertinent observation on that melancholy occasion.

Monf.

Monf. Vestris having with peculiar *modesty* observed, (when he was asked how he liked the court on a ball night) that he found nothing worth his notice, and only came to see the *brutes* dance; a gentleman near him could not help telling him, that some of those *brutes* had made his countrymen dance to some tune; but he was sorry to find they seemed now disposed to let them *dance away* with Englishmen's money.

A lady observing to the famous Perdita how free the public made with her character, "My consolation," said she, "is, that they make as free with the character of a P——, and I am contented to be scandalized in such good company."

A person asking a foundling, who had been bred up by charity, but had rose in life, who his parents were—"Do you remember, Sir," said he to the querist, "when you were born or begotten? If you do, I confess you have an astonishing memory."

The present emperor of Germany being told by a foreigner, that it appeared strange in him to make such preparations, when all the powers of Europe were at peace with him. "My friend," said he, "this is the way to make them continue so."

The same prince being asked, what was the wisest method of treating an enemy, he answered,

to

to forgive the injuries offered. Being farther questioned, what was proper to be done, he answered, "Speedily revenge them; for," said he, "if you cannot bring yourself generously to forgive a man, you must expect the utmost efforts of his malice; a quick prevention is therefore better than a late remedy."

A poor countryman seeing Sir F. N———n step out of his coach, much admired the grandeur of it; and enquiring into particulars, was informed it belonged to the speaker of the house of commons, said, "No doubt it was worth a man's while to make long speeches, and fine ones too, to be supported in such grandeur." "Psha," said a bystander, "he speaks the least of any man in the assembly; he never opens his mouth there except on very particular occasions." "Ah! there it is now," said the countryman, "they who do the *least work* are generally the *best paid* for it." Yet we find Sir F———r spoke once too often, and he lost his office by it.

A person observing on the nick-name given to Sir F———r, said, "It must be highly disagreeable for a man to be called Bullface." "Aye!" said one, who stood by him; "yet I should not mind the *bull-face*, so I had but the *double-fee*."

A facetious Irishman reading in the public prints that the Dutch expected great assistance
C from

from the armed neutrality, said, that though the paragraph was dated from the Hague, he was rather inclined to believe it was fabricated on the banks of the Shannon; "for surely," said he, "none but Irishmen could ever conceive that *neutrality* meant *fighting*."

A person who had the misfortune of being lame, at a coffee-house near the Royal Exchange overhearing another speak with contempt of him, calling him at every sentence that lame thing, a friend of his asked him why he did not take it up. "Why should I?" said he, "The gentleman, I dare say, is the lame duck (his brother) that waddled out of the alley yesterday."

The late Lord L —— n being often much troubled with an impertinent fellow, who would continually plague him with his discourse when he was busy, was resolved one day to deal with him in the way of cross-purposes. The intruder still continuing his gossip's tales, amongst other things told my lord that a certain lady was suspected of an intrigue with her hair-dresser. "*What is that to ME?*" said his lordship. After this the story-teller modestly enough observed, that he had overheard some people make very free with his lordship's character, and talk much of an amour he was supposed to have with Mrs. Rudd. "*What is that to you, Mr. Impertinence?*" said Lord L —— n; "if you had
been

been attentive to *your own business*, you would never have heard anything about my *pleasures*."

A counsellor who was very remarkable for telling long stories, being once got into the middle of a tale, the person to whom he was relating it expressing a desire to be gone, the gentleman of the long robe said he would tell it him *in brief*. "Aye," replied his acquaintance, "but the *briefs* of counsellors are sometimes two or three hours long."

A lying voyager pretending at a coffee-house to describe the island of St. Helena, which lies almost in the midst of the sea between the coast of Africa and the main land of America, being asked its distance from the nearest shore, answered, that a person might go over at low water. "That is extraordinary," replied a gentleman, who sat near him "but pray what sort of fishing have you there?" "Oh, Sir, abundance of whales," said the other. "I see you are the reverse of Jonas, for you can *swallow a whale*," said the gentleman; "I am therefore surprized to find you take so much pains to *fish for gudgeons*."

A very silly fellow once observing in company, that it was a great gift to keep a secret, such a gift as he wished to obtain. "I can put you in the way to acquire it," said one that stood by, "do but hold your peace, and then you will conceal a secret of some
C 2 consequence

consequence to you ; for then you will not let any body know that you are a fool."

A captain, not much esteemed for his courage, on board admiral Rodney's fleet, observing that if his ship had come up, he could have *done wonders*. "By h——n, captain," said a blunt sea-officer, "I thought I saw you perform wonders to-day ; *for you hung an a—e when the signal for grace was hung out, and I think that is wonderful for an Englishman.*"

Some players having been bold enough to represent Louis XII. king of France, upon the public stage, instead of shewing any resentment, he ordered the piece to be played before him. "Let me not be spared," said he, "nor any of my courtiers. I am resolved that no man in this land shall be too great to have his faults told him."

Mr. Taylor, a paper-maker of Maidstone, being returned as member for that place, the clerk asked him what addition he should put to his name. "Oh, Sir," said the new member, "whatever you please, except *town-clerk of Maidstone.*"

A wag going into a sale-shop, and having been fitted with a coat and waistcoat, readily agreed to pay the price that was asked for them ; but being shewn a pair of black breeches, objected to a very moderate demand,
swearing,

swearing, that *breeches* had fallen one hundred per cent. at least since the commencement of hostilities against the Dutch.

Some gentlemen conversing on the nature of libels at a tavern where the arch-patriot was in company, one observed, that the matter might be easily settled; "for," says he, "I am confident that no man in England is so competent a judge *what is a libel as Mr. Wilkes.*"

An honest Irishman reading lieutenant-governor Corbet's confused relation of the affair at Jersey, asked, if the French were all *killed or taken*, how it was possible for any of them to run away, as was specified in that account. "Arrah," says one of his countrymen, "don't you see plainly *that he was asleep when he wrote it.*"

A person in the literary way being asked to write something in favour of the farce of *Thelyphthora*—"With what face can I," said he, "when a sober married man recommended *more wives than one* to any body?"

The late French monarch having at first received a lying flattering account from one of his courtiers concerning the success of M. Conflans. "Well," demanded the king, "and did M. Hawke *strike?*" "Yes," answered a blunt German; "*such a stroke as* your

your majesty's marine will not recover these seven years."

A young fellow being involved in a quarrel one evening at a house in Covent-Garden, an acquaintance of his suffered him to be very ill used without taking his part, and afterwards told him he was sorry for what had passed; "but," said he, "it is plain you did not know yourself." "Indeed I did not *know myself*," said the other, "to be in such company."

A person begging alms of Lord G. G——n, said, "God bless you, my lord, you and I have been in all the prisons in London." "What do you mean?" cries Lord George; "I never was in any prison but the tower." "That is true, my lord," said the other; "*and I have been in all the rest.*"

A noisy fellow hearing some people disputing, made more disturbance than all the rest, continually crying, "Keep the peace."—"Friend," says a quaker, who was present, "if thou wouldst hold *thy peace*, it would contribute much to so good an end."

A person who was generally accounted rather weak in his intellects, observing that he could not but wonder at Milton's describing such a place as the paradise of fools, which no man could be fool enough to believe.—

"However

"However that may be," said a gentleman in company, "it does really exist; and though a fool may deny it, yet he never fails to make one for himself."

A lady being in a coach on a rough road, where she was constantly expressing her fears of being overset, an honest Scotchman observed, that they might e'en go to John o' Groat's house safe enough in that carriage; and added, that it was foolish to be afraid when no fear was near. A Frenchman, who sat opposite, being willing to appear very polite, observed, that it was very rude to contradict a woman. "Begar," said he, "you be de bête de brute for dat; I vil take up de lady's cause; she shall be in de fright if she tink proper. So, madam, fright yourself as mush as you please; it be nobody's business here, parbleu! to say against it."

A person observed once very aptly, that he thought the French and English, though apparently so opposite, yet in some things seemed as if they copied each other. One instance he produced was, that admiral Kessel was complimented with the freedom of the city in a curious box *for not beating the French*, and count D'Estaing was received in triumph, and his coach crowned with laurels, *for not beating the English*.

A late

A late great officer in Spanish America being rather of an effeminate complexion, some of the courtiers, who were his enemies, solicited his recall; and at the same time observed, he ought to be sent home to spin. This officer being informed of what was going forward, and of the contempt thrown upon him, fomented the revolt in Arequipa; at the same time observing, that he was about to SPIN *such a web as the king of Spain and all his courtiers would not possibly be able to unravel.*

A constable once observing to the late T. Weston, whom he had used rather scurvily, that he was his majesty's representative——“ Ah!” said Weston, shaking his head, “ I have often heard it observed that we are but ill *represented*; but now I find that his majesty (heaven bless him) is as badly represented as any of us.”

A very indifferent writer having composed a work, which he inscribed to posterity, the work being shewn to Dr. Johnson, he shook his head, and said, he believed the author had lost his labor, *for the piece would never be delivered as directed.*

A gentleman observing how much general Lee had descended from the dignity of an officer in his pardon begging letter to the congress——“ Aye,” said another, “ the gentleman

tleman has indeed asked pardon; but he has taken care to intimate *that he is sorry for it.*"

One observing some time since, that Mr. Murphy had eaten his *commons* at the inn—"Aye," said another, "it is common for Irishmen and lawyers to eat and drink, and lie (*lye*) with any body."

A well-known debauchee, who was besides a very ill-natur'd man, observing one day in company, that as the twig was bent, the tree would be inclined. "Yes," said Bonnel Thornton, who sat near him, "I believe so, and I dare say your parents had a crooked stick of wood to deal with when they had you."

Lady G—— being told by somebody that his lordship, after whom she was making enquiries, had been seen at the king's palace. "*King's Place* you mean," replied her ladyship.

An ignorant person being told that an acquaintance of his had died *insolvent*—"That must be a falsity," said he; "Jack did not die *in Solvent*, for to my certain knowledge he died in Flanders."

A person kept the sign of the Swan in a country village, not far from the capital; it being blown down one windy night, at the same time he had purchased a number of geese,

geese, a person asking what was become of the landlord's swan said—"Oh, he had two of them, but you see plainly *that his swans are turned to geese.*"

A gentleman observing it appeared rather strange that the English, who were generally reckoned a nation of philosophers, should yet be so fickle. "Oh, Sir," said an Englishman, you know some philosophers held *the doctrine of CHANGES.*"

A Frenchman observing that there were five times as many noblemen in France as there were in England—"True, Sir," replied an Englishman of his acquaintance, "*but the more a thing abounds, the less it is held in estimation.*"

An obscure author entering a bookseller's shop, being refused a small sum for a manuscript which he presented, was obliged to make way for a person of great note in the literary world, who presently bargained with the bookseller, and disposed of a copy for one hundred pounds. When he was gone, "See now," said the other, nettled, "what it is to be a *poor man.*" "No, Sir," replied the bookseller, "that is not the case; but I would have you always consider what it is to be a *poor author.*"

A literary man being asked to write a line or two, to be placed under the sign of the King's

King's Head and Bell, wrote the following verse :

May the king live long,
Ding dong, ding dong.

A miser having sent a parcel to a young fellow, one asking whether it came by the penny-post—"By no means," said the other; "if it had been to cost him so much as a penny, you may depend he would never have put himself to the expence of it."

A gentleman being informed that his servants played a number of wild pranks whenever he went out of town, as he very frequently did: having a mind to be an eye-witness of some of them, returned from his country-house, and got himself introduced into his own kitchen in disguise. It was then about nine o'clock at night, and he found the servants all at high life below stairs; some were singing, some capering, and others spouting. Among the rest, they had determined to perform part of the *Revenge* that evening; but the butler and one of the under-servants falling out who should perform *Don Alonzo*, the former snatching a leg of mutton, [see our frontispiece] which was just taken up out of the cook's hands, began to belabour the other without mercy, who cut such a figure, being basted with fat and gravy, as excited the laughter of all the company. This scene exceedingly entertained the master, who, however,

ever, thought proper at last to interfere; and being discovered by his voice, the servants were all immediately put to their shifts to make apologies. But he passed over the matter with a laugh. "I see," said he, "you have made free with my house, conceiving it to be your own; however, as to your frolics I shall say nothing, only that I hope the great Don Alonzo will be more merciful to my leg of mutton for the future."

One of Mr. Sheridan's friends being at a nobleman's house, where a bottle of cape wine was placed on the table, and distributed in very diminutive glasses, at the same time that its *age* was much talked of; his lordship asking the gentleman his opinion of the wine—"It is very good indeed, my lord," replied the other; "but I think I never saw any thing so little of its age in my life."

The same gentleman being told by another nobleman that it was a very hard case at the regatta at Ranelagh, that such a number of people could not get in—"Oh, my lord," said he, "you must allow that there were hundreds taken in upon this occasion."

Dr. Goldsmith told one of his friends, that the first time he was introduced to the E— of S——, somebody asking his lordship why the snarlers called him Malagrida. "I don't know," said the E—l, rather confused. "It is

is really surprising," cried Dr. Goldsmith; "for *Malagrida*, after all, was a *very honest man*."

The late Dr. Smollet, having by mistake given a guinea to a common beggar walked on, the poor fellow went after him and returned it.—The humane Doctor on this gave it him back, and added another guinea to it, when surveying his appearance, which was altogether miserable, he exclaimed, "good heaven, what a lodging has honesty taken up!"—

Mr. L. Lewis, often tells a story that an acquaintance of his presenting a young gentleman, of the name of H——, to a lady of quality; "Madam," said he, "this is a distant relation of mine; and he is not so great a fool as he looks to be."—"My kinsman says true," replied young H——, "and therein, my lady, lies the difference between *him* and *me*."

The Earl of Shel—ne being under the hands of a political barber, who was shaving his head, the tonsor was entertaining him with an account of the war in America, and giving him a description of Charles-town, till growing very tedious in his operations, Lord Shel—ne said, "I hope Mr. Barber, that you are not *drawing* a map of the province of Carolina upon my head with your razor."

D

A cer-

A certain female writer apologising for the ill success of a comedy that she had lately produced, observed to Mr. Palmer, that she could expect no better, as she wrote it at a time when she was very melancholy, only in order to pass away a few gloomy hours.—“ I suppose then, Madam,” said Mr. Palmer, “ you always write tragedy when you are in very high spirits.”

Some soldiers being quartered in a country town, three of them meeting a farmer one night, robbed him of all his money and his hat.—The farmer complaining to one of the officers, was asked, whether he had the same suit of cloaths and linen on at the time of the robbery, as those in which he appeared?—Answering in the affirmative,—“ Well then, my friend,” says the officer, “ you may depend these fellows did not belong to my company, or they would not have left you your coat, *or even the shirt to your back.*”

Mr. T——r, the famous oculist, telling a lady of Dr. Graham’s acquaintance, in a manner rather too familiar, that he knew her thoughts by her eyes. “ Do you indeed?” cried she, “ then to be sure, you’ll keep them secret;—*because they are no ways to your advantage.*”

A gentleman diverting himself, with shooting in Monmouthshire, a busy Welsh justice rudely demanded

demanding him to produce his qualification, adding, that he would take care, on account of his authority, and the little manors he had, that no unqualified person should shoot there. "I know little of your authority," replied the Englishman, "but as to your having *little manners*, that is plain enough to every body."

An officer, who was a great punster, being once accused in company of the *double meanings* he was apt to use.—"It is very hard," says the military man, "that I should be blamed for my charity; for is it not charitable to supply other peoples deficiencies?—It is in this manner, that I with my DOUBLE MEANINGS, make up for those *who have NO MEANINGS at all*."

A person intending to shew his wit at a tavern, said to the servant. "Here waiter, take away this bottle full of emptiness." "*Do you speak this of YOUR OWN HEAD Tom,*" said one of his companions.

A company of gamesters wrangling at a tavern, and in consequence using very scurrilous language, making a great noise, one of the waiters coming in, cried, "*do you call GENTLEMEN.*"—"No," said one of the company, "*they do not call GENTLEMEN, but they are calling ROGUE and RASCAL as fast as they can.*"

As King G — II. was once riding out a hunting in the neighbourhood of Windsor, he desired a country fellow to open a gate for him.—The man by chance knowing his rank cried, “no please your Majesty’s Grace, I am too mean and low to do such a thing; *but I’ll run and tell Mr. Justice H—, who does not live above four miles off, and he shall come and open it directly.*”——So he ran away, and left the King to do the office for himself.

I wish, says a poor Irishman to his English neighbour, that I could keep a cow as Patrick M’Callaghan does; nay if it should turn out a bull, I should not care? “Oh then” said the Englishman, “you may have your wish at any time, as it is plain *you can make bulls at pleasure.*”

The late D — —s of M — —gu, being told that the D — —s of M — —ch — —r, her eldest daughter, had married one Mr. Hussey, expressed her disapprobation of the match, but at last, cries she, “all I can say is, *That ONE HUSSEY has run away with ANOTHER.*”

A tragedy, presented in the reign of K. William, being opened by a princess, who declaring her rank, added “*Hither from Arabia, am I come,*” a wag in the pit exclaimed, “then pray sit down, for your highness must certainly

certainly be tired."—This witty observation, put a stop to the performance.

Mr. Foote being once in company where a bishop was at the table, and having spoken rather long on a subject not agreeable, "when will the comedian leave off preaching?" exclaimed his Lordship, "oh, Sir," said Mr. Foote, "the moment I am made a bishop."

A mistress of a boarding school, at Chelsea, who was very red faced, taxing one of her scholars with some fault, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation. "Nay," says the mistress, I am sure it must be true, for you blush." "Pardon me, madam," replied the young lady, "it is only the reflection of your face."

A gentleman in liquor, being taken into custody for riotous behaviour by the constable of the night, in the ward of Farringdon within, began to expostulate with him, upon which the constable answered, "Sir, I am his Majesty's representative, and shall not regard remonstrances."

Lady Bridget Lane, now Lady Bridget Tol—e, was presiding one evening at the table, one of her ruffles caught the fire of a candle; Lord Little—n, who was one of the party, and intended to be witty on the accident, said, "he did not think her ladyship so

apt to take fire," "nor am I, my lord, from such a *spark* as you."

If you marry, (said a father to his daughter) you will do *well*; if you do not marry, you will do *better*. "If that's the case," replied the daughter, "get me a husband as soon as you can, I shall be content to do *well*, and leave that to others to do *better*."

Mr. Garrick being at a nobleman's house over a bottle with him, was commending the claret as some of the best he ever tasted, upon which the nobleman told him he had that hoghead of wine in return for a couple of hounds, which he sometime before presented to the Duke de Nevers. "Why then my Lord," says Garrick, "I think your wine not only excellent, but *dog cheap*."

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating the late General Blakeney in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the general was remarkable, so that it grew a topic, very common among his acquaintance, who used to say, "come Sam, let us have the general's company." Some person at length acquainted Blakeney of it, who sent for Foote. "Sir," says the general, "I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and amongst the rest, I find

I find that I have been the subject of your ridicule." "Oh! Lord, Sir," says Foote, with great archness, "I take all my acquaintance off at times; and what is more remarkable, I often take myself off." "God so," says the other, "give us a specimen." Foote, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane with great deliberation, and making a short bow, left the room; thereby avoiding the general's passion, which was very great, and giving a true specimen of his quickness of apprehension.

Dr. L—— in Oxfordshire had the poet Stephen Duck for his servant, who was very quick at rapartee. As they were one frosty morning riding through a river together, the doctor's horse stumbled, and threw him into the water, and then fell to drinking: at which Stephen laughed very heartily. "Sirrah, do you laugh at me?" "No, Sir," says Stephen, "I don't laugh at you; but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink *without a toast* this cold morning."

Pope Sextus V. while he was only a cardinal, feigned himself broken with age and infirmities, and stooped when walking very much, looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the chair; it being observed to him, soon after his election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done. "I was looking," replied the
1 Pope,

Pope, "for the keys of St. Peter, and having found them, I have no longer any occasion to stoop."

Counsellor Wall—e endeavouring to brow-beat a witness, told him, he could plainly see Rogue in his face. "I never knew before, said the witness, that my face was a looking-glass."

Mr. Pope, who was very much deformed, having a dispute with a hackney coachman, swore by his usual oath, God mend me, "God mend you!" says the coachman, "God Almighty could make a score in the time that you would take to be mended."

A witty tho' poor fellow asking a proud citizen what hour it was? who answered him very rudely, "That it was the hour in which asses go to be watered." To which he reply'd, "What do you do here then that you are not gone."

A doctor in Oxford, at his own charges, was mending the causeway; and a nobleman riding by, said, how now, doctor! I see you are mending the highway, but it is not the highway to heaven. "No my lord," says he, "if it were, I should have wonder'd to have seen you come this way."

A gentle-

A gentleman seeing his footman with an old greasy hat on, which hung slouching on all sides; who gave you (said he to him) that hat of a cuckold? "Sir," replied the fellow, "it is one of your's, and was given to me by *my mistress*."

A tradesman newly made mayor of a little country town in Scotland, meeting with an old friend, who spoke to him, and by accident kept his hat off, imagined it was done out of respect to his new dignity; upon which, bridling and composing his muscles to great gravity, said, "Put on your hat, Sir, put on your hat, I am still but a MON."

A farmer who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him: among the rest a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion; and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work: so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus: That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with them. The champion without more words, came up to him, and closed with him upon such an advantageous lock, that he pitch'd him clear over the pales; so,

so, with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade and fell to work again: The fellow getting upon his legs again as nimble as he could, call'd to speak to him. "Well," says the champion, "have you any more to say to me?" "No, no," reply'd the fellow, *only to desire you would be so kind as throw my horse after me.*"

When Quin was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would now give to be as young as he, *I would be content,* cried Quin, *to be as foolish.*

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who happened to be an Irishman, and told him he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home and *let them out*. The taylor promised to obey the orders he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his clothes home, altered, according to his direction, sent for him, and when paddy arrived, asked him what was become of his coat and waistcoat?—"By my shoul," says the ninth part of an Irishman, "I have obeyed your commands, and have *let them out*, and the devil burn me but I think I have made a very good bargain, for they happened to fit a countryman of mine, and I have *let them out* to him at a shilling a week, and he has engaged to wear them at that price for three months certain, whether he lives or dies."

COM-

COMPLIMENTARY CARDS, *between the BELLIGERENT POWERS and their NEIGHBOURS.*

THE King of Spain presents his profound respects to his good cousin, the King of France, and begs to know when he may reasonably hope to be put in possession of Gibraltar, to the effecting of which, the M——r of his Most Christian Majesty have done nothing more than projected a plan, which the subjects of the catholic king are heartily sick of—delays are always dangerous.

His Most Christian Majesty most respectfully informs the Catholic King, that the Fortrefs of Gibralter will be taken when the garrison are starved out—But the French have too much business cut out for them in the West-Indies, and elsewhere, to make this seige the present object of their attention.

His Holiness the Pope sends his benediction to his Catholic Son, the King of Spain, and the Most Christian Monarch Lewis, and proposes to pronounce the combined fleets invincible, in case those potentants, will put a stop to the ill-timed reformation which has taken place, respecting church affairs, in their respective dominions.

The

The Kings of France and Spain, most respectfully assure his Holiness, that they are sorry they cannot comply with the requisition of the see of Rome; since, though they are true sons of the *Church*, they must also take some care of the state. They have a due sense of the obligation his holiness means to confer on them; but the term invincible, proved once so unlucky to the Spaniards, that when applied to a navy, it will always put them in mind of shame, slaughter, and defeat.

The United States of America, to their good ally the King of France, send the compliments of the season, and most earnestly request a remittance of money, cloaths, and a cargo of beef and pork, otherwise the cause must inevitably *be starved*.

The King of France wishes to do every thing in his power for his good friends the United States; but money is not to be had in France, wool cannot be got from Ireland, and beef and pork are unknown in the armies of his Most Christian Majesty.

The High and Mighty States of Holland present their compliments to the French Monarch, and assure him, that now they are involved in hostilities with the English, unless they have some speedy assistance they cannot expect to keep their heads above water.

The

The French Monarch is sorry the States are so ill provided for what might have been foreseen; he really finds it impossible for him to comply with their Request at this Juncture; but though he cannot assist his Allies, yet he will do all in his Power to make the English believe so.

CROSS READINGS.

YESTERDAY Lord — took his Seat— and afterwards received the Correction of the House.

On Friday last a Dispensation passed the Great Seal to enable the Rev. —, to hold the Livings of R— and T—n— who was committed to Newgate, in order to take his Trial for that Offence.

Lost about four Months ago, an old Dog— answers to the Name of Speaker.

We are told the Dutch expect to be succoured by the Empress—*Puffs* in great Variety.

Mr. — will be a Candidate for the Borough of B—n—can have a good Character from his last Place.

An Essay on the Improvement of Credit—by Messrs. Richardson and Goodluck.

E

On

On Sunday will be the Evening's Promenade—a Supplement to the History of the Reformation.

Yesterday a certain Gentleman took his Place in the House of Peers—no greater Reward will be offered.

We are told the beauteous Perdita is become—The Daily Advertiser.

Remains in the Downs—the leading Members of a certain vociferous Party.

The House of C——s are expected to break up very soon before Whitsuntide—At this early Season the greatest Precaution is necessary against Housebreakers.

The late Widow M—— acquaints her late Husband's Friends most respectfully, that she has—A neat Bed, Chamber, and other Conveniences.

To be Sold together, or in Parcels—The few remaining Members of the Minority.

News is just arrived from Dublin by express—over Land, by the shortest Passage.

Wants Employment, for a few leisure Hours,—the beautiful Duchefs of D——sh——re, Lady A——, and several other Persons of the first Quality.

To the Female Practitioners in Midwifery, —Sir J—— M——y having entirely left off Business.

Yesterday L——d Ap——ley arrived in Town from Bath—Would be willing to attend a Nursery, Nightcaps to be provided.

A Sub-

A Subscription will soon be opened to encourage a Drawing from the Life of—Mr. C—F—x's Head, finely *executed*.

Amongst other well-supported Characters at a late private Masquerade were—The Protestant Association.

Some Days since a poor blind Man fell into a Sawpit—To which he was introduced by the Master of the Ceremonies.

By the Commissioners of Pavements—An infallible Remedy for the Stone and Gravel.

I have long labored under a want of—Ready Money only.

For the West-Indies—The Flying Machine, in one Day.

Teeth drawn with a Touch, and Bleeding performed in the most easy Manner—More Particulars are expected relative to this bloody Business.

The Delegates being assembled—Beware of Counterfeits.

We hear a Petition will soon be presented by a certain Orator—To enable him to support himself and his family.

We hear that the famous Perdita—Will touch delicately on the celestial Bed.

Vestina, the Rosy Goddess of Health—Will attend Gentlemen in private.

There is a great talk of America's returning to her Allegiance—N. B. No Debts will be paid, which she may have contracted.

Yesterday a Motion was brought on in the House of Commons---which was overfet as

soon as it set off, but happily no Mischief was done.

Yesterday a great Orator left the House much indisposed---he afterwards ran mad, and bit several People.

There is a great Scarcity of---Public Spirit, which is the grand Characteristic of a free People.

Whereas it has been maliciously insinuated that---Mr. B---e has a great Interest in supporting the Cause of Mr. ----- in the East Indies.

There have been for some time past, a certain Party straining every nerve to---overset the Machine, which was very near taking place.

The French King has thought fit to give an Account of his Finances, and to shew his Subjects how tender he is of taxing them---Blinds are of the greatest Use, and are recommended by the genuine Manufacturer.

The President gives Notice that shortly there will be a grand Exhibition of---Ships and Ordnance taken from the Enemy.

Wants a Place at Court---An exceeding good Dog that can fetch and carry, and is remarkably under Command.

Lost near King's Place---An excellent Character, as is well known by all the Neighborhood.

To be Sold by Auction---The Votes and Interest of the Freeholders of the County.

P O E T R Y.

YE Britons so free,
 Unite and agree,
 Leave all party-feuds to repose;
 Come, join heart and hand,
 And you'll rule sea and land,
 If you point all your rage at your foes.

The Dons and Monfieurs,
 And ungrateful Mynheers,
 With all their wild rabble beside;
 Each piratical chief
 Must now take in a reef,
 When we lower their top-gallant pride.

To the Dutch water-rats,
 And the French civet-cats
 With those blockheads, the Dons, we shall
 Give such masquerade balls, [soon
 From our fam'd wooden walls,
 As may make them dance to a new tune.

Our cannons loud throats
 Shall alter their notes,
 While Britons, their masters again,
 As they have done ere now,
 Shall teach them to bow,
 And own the old lords of the main.

May Providence smile
 On our arms as erewhile,
 Then a fig for such foes as may frown;
 For Britons can make
 The confederates quake,
 And pull their neutrality down.

So here's to the king,
 And may victory bring
 To our arms fresh additions each day:
 Then come on, proud Monseurs!
 Have at ye, Mynheers!
 Old England shall yet win the day!

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

A FABLE.

OPPRESSORS never want excuse

To varnish o'er their deeds,
 They still can palliate each abuse—
 He's *guiltless* that *succeeds*.

A Spider, with mechanic pow'r
 His net insidious drew,
 Near where a Bee, at ev'ning hour,
 Secure of treach'ry flew.

Queen of the roseat bow'r, her thighs
 With fragrant *thyme* were bound,
 While still from flow'r to flow'r she flies,
 In sportive airy round.

Thus

Thus, thoughtless, as her course she kept,
 She struck th' envenom'd loom,
 When from his den the felon crept,
 And strait pronounc'd her doom.

Pity in vain she hopes to draw,
 Where none could e'er abide;
 Necessity (the tyrant's law,)
 He urges on his side.

"Bees were," he said, "his destin'd prey,
 "And she his food must be:"
 But better fortune found the way
 To set the captive free.

The net, which she incessant shakes,
 Its flimsy hold foregoes;
 And as its texture sudden breaks,
 To earth the Spider throws.

A Sparrow, from a thicket near,
 His plight with joy espies;
 His late discourse he chanc'd to hear,
 And hastes to seize his prize.

But now th' oppressor, aptly caught,
 A thousand arts essays,
 And, by his fears, submission taught,
 For life he earnest prays.

"Thy worthless life," the Sparrow cry'd,
 "Still work'd thy neighbor's woe;
 "Thy death alone, if well apply'd,
 "Can ought of good bestow.

"The

- " The Bee, thy malice would destroy,
 " To merit has pretence;
 " But still it is thy only joy
 " To ruin innocence.
 " Or if thou pleadest necessity
 " To cover thy design;
 " If Bees are destin'd prey for thee,
 " So Spiders too are mine!"

So in the end (my friends) shall fare
 Th' oppressor and the cheat;
 And tho' they weave their webs with care,
 The Spider's fate shall meet.

On a Garretteer Author.

YOU often pity honest Ned,
 Condemn'd (you say) to write for bread;
 His lib'ral soul, till d—y pays,
 Still doom'd to fast, or chew the bays.
 Yet by his jovial, ruddy look,
 Not gain'd by poring o'er his book,
 That clamm'g ale his table spilt on,
 The tankard cover'd with a Milton;
 By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
 Writes not for *bread* so much as *beer*.

ÆNIGMA

ÆNIGMA I.

FROM airy beings oft I draw my birth,
 But am most friendly to the sons of earth;
 The softest balsam to all cares I give,
 And they are wretched who without me live.
 The sick and old my gentle aid implore,
 Yet do I weaken those I should restore:
 The jealous hold me dear—whoe'er invade,
 If once surpris'd, are sure examples made;
 Yet so it is, that those who love me most,
 Are apt to use me often to my cost.

ÆNIGMA II.

SHARP is my form, my nature sharper found,
 When I am forc'd to give the fatal wound;
 Steep'd in black venom, then I strike the heart,
 And keenest pains with slightest touch impart:
 Yet am I us'd to give the wretched rest,
 And of it's burden ease the woe-fraught breast.
 My birth is various, but in ev'ry land
 I still can bear the ensign of command.
 Silent I speak—my voice in ev'ry clime
 Is heard, and shall be to remotest time.
 Honor and praise to me of right belong;
 'Tis I immortalise the poet's song:
 'Tis I that can transmit the patriot's name,
 Sacred to ages on the list of fame;
 Yet short my date of life, however high,
 Soon I'm worn out, and then neglected die.

REBUSSES.

R E B U S S E S.

I.

TAKE the name of a martyr in history
known,
And what a male child we constantly own;
If you put these together, they'll plainly declare
The name of a maiden as virtuous as fair.

II.

The term of a clay that farmers use for their
ground,
With a place where wild rabbits are generally
found:
These added, will shew you the name of a
place,
Which has given a title to many a GRACE.

III.

Take the name of a vessel that the toppers
much chuse,
And three-fourths of a name which the lawyers
much use;
Then add what we do with our friends when
they're gone,
And you'll find out the name of a city well
known.

IV.

What expresses four points when rightly con-
nected,
Will exhibit a thing that in war is expected:
Take

V.

Take a handful of dirt, and chop it in two,
'Twill name you a woman who'd make a man
spew.

VI.

What's warm to the earth, and in winter oft
seen,
What we say of a thing that is perfectly clean,
Will either discover the damsel I mean.

VII.

One-third of a liquor from West-India sent,
With two of an answer expressing consent—
Will plainly exhibit a small borough town,
In a maritime county, nigh sixty miles down.

R I D D L E S.

I.

MY head and tail both equal are,
My middle slender as a bee;
Whither I stand on head or heel,
'Tis all the same to you or me;
But if my head should be cut off,
The matter's true, altho' 'tis strange,
My head and body sever'd thus,
Immediately to nothing change!

II.

Not all that can be sung or said,
Will ought avail without my aid.

Reader,

III.

Reader, philosophers agree,
 "What has been may be,"—may be not
 I have been, am not, cannot be,
 Wish'd to be, and I was not—what?

IV.

With what the element produces,
 It serves my turn for best of uses;
 When hot and feeble in their beds,
 I make them raise their drooping heads.

V.

My head it is large and ragged I am sure,
 And the ladies to touch me they cannot endure,
 But order their maids to use me at their will,
 And we do what we can, and exert our best
 skill.

Solution of the Ænigmas.

I. A Bed. II. A Pen.

Solution of the Rebusses.

I. Stephenfon. V. Mrs. Cleveland.
 II. Marlborough. VI. Miss Snow.
 III. Canterbury. VII. Rye.
 IV. News.

Solution of the Riddles.

I. A figure of eight. IV. A water-pot.
 II. Hearing. V. A mop.
 III. A maidenhead.

N E W

NEW CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are Cunningham's Jests like being
because they make us laugh. [tickled?

Why is a Macaroni like an Ass?
because his Ears are conspicuous.

Why is a Macaroni like a Merry Andrew?
because he plays the Fool.

Why is a Macaroni like a Nothing?
because Nothing's like him.

Why is a Dancing-master like a Cook?
because he cuts Capers.

Why is a Summer's-day like a passionate Man?
because it is Hot.

Why is a stale Mushroom like an old Maid?
because it's maggotty.

Why is a furlly Dog like a Sharper?
because he bites.

Why are Bawdy-houses like rotten Sheep?
because their Livers are bad.

Why is a hunted Hare like a leaky Barrel?
because it runs.

Why is the Monument like a proud Man?
because it's lofty.

Why is a complaisant Man like a Tree?
because he is full of Bows.

Why is a Man's Toes like an Ironmonger's Shop?
because they have Nails in them.

Why are Shoes like Men of Knowledge?
because they are great Understanders.

Why is a hungry Man like a Razor?
because he is sharp set.

F

Why

Why is a Sharper like an Eel ?
because he's Slippery.

Why is a Drunkard like a Candle ?
because he's hot headed.

Why is a Scoundrel like a Pen ?
because his Deeds are black.

Why is a designing Man like a Musician ?
because he plays upon you.

Why is an old Bawd like a Bird-catcher ?
because she decoys.

Why is a Man in liquor like a Sow ?
because he wallows in it.

Why is an ill-natur'd Man like Vinegar ?
because he's sour.

Why is a Whore like a Syren ?
because she tempts to destroy.

EPIGRAMS.

*On a very indecent Performance, represented at
the Theatre.*

IS this the seat of learning, wit, and grace,
This the King's Theatre ?—sure 'tis King's
Place.

On the War with France and Spain.

“ I swore (said Lewis) t'other day,
“ My fleets should rule the sea ;
“ Assur'd that Britain must give way
“ To angry Spain and me.”

Says

Says *Neptune*, " I who heard the boast,
 " Vow'd *GEORGE* should rule the main ;
 " You reckon'd, friend, *without your host*,
 " So reckon o'er again !

On Mr. MADAN's Doctrine of Polygamy.

If happy in a sober life,
 You rest contented with one wife,
 The chance of cuckoldom will be,
 Just even then, we all agree.
 But should you follow Madan's lore,
 And boldly take you *half a score*,
 Though you should reign as great as
Buccold *,
 'Tis *ten to one* but you're a *Cuckold*.

*On a LADY who wrote a Vow against MATRI-
 MONY on a Pane of Glass.*

The Lady who this resolution took,
 Wrote it on *glass*, to shew it might be broke.

From Martial.

A desp'rate quack was late a soldier made,
 His *station's* changed, but still he keeps his
trade.

* *Buccold* was a man, who, having seized upon Mun-
 ster, married several wives, and allowed Polygamy
 among his adherents.

An A C R O S T I C.

A Health to George, Great Britain's King!
 L et ev'ry Briton drink and sing,
 E very knave and villain sing.

Another.

B ritons rouse to actions great
 E v'ry soul his *cann* defeat;
 E v'ry mortal banish care——
 R e-fill, my boys, and never spare!

Another.

R oyal cordial! healing juice!
 V apours killing, health produce
 M en and women own thy use.

E P I T A P H S.

On a great Drinker.

HERE *Murrus* lies, who in his life drank
 deep,

As his afflicted landlord always owns;
 But now you see that he is gone to sleep,
 And thus, at last, he rests his weary bones.

He once would set the table in a roar;
 But now those happy hours are passed away;
 He now can please the jovial guests no more,
 He's gone——*but nothing has he left to pay.*

On

On a Taylor.

Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know;
And fate cut his, tho' he so well could sow;
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravell'd when our course is run.

On a Buck.

Here lie I must,
Quite choaked with dust,
And destin'd to be sober;
Ye bucks take care
How you come here,
For, faith here's no October.

On a Cobler.

Let drop one tear, my gentle friend,
And pity this poor Cobler's end;
This honest fellow work'd so fast;
He wore his awl out and his last.
On future bliss he can't depend,
His sole was grown too bad to mend.

On Cornus.

Cornus proclaims aloud, his wife's a whore,
Alas! good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold we might make thee one,
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

On a Bailiff.

Here lies John Trott, by trade a bum!
And when he dy'd,
The devil cry'd,
Come, John, come.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

To the PUBLIC.

THUS have you found us labor to unite,
 Humor and wit, to give the gay delight ;
 Not from stale jokes our sheets we try'd to
 swell,

A little is enough, if written well.
 A light *desert* we bring of various fruit,
 The diff'rent palates of our guests to suit ;
 And as a hearty welcome all shall meet,
 We hope that none will quarrel with the treat.
 In prose and verse alike we strive to please,
 To charm with smartness, and indite with ease :
 Critics we know there are, an awful train, }
 But here, we trust, their efforts will be vain, }
 Since all we wish is but to entertain. }

The would-be wits, that glitter in our age,
 Arraign the press, and would controul the stage ;
 Yet sure, where mirth and harmless jests
 abound,

Some favor by the Author might be found.
 But here no claim is made, you may not own
 Our's is the labor, all the rest your own ;
 We mean to please—that merit is our due,
 How we've succeeded, we submit to you.

A COL-

A COLLECTION OF
TOASTS, SENTIMENTS,
HOBNOBS, &c.

MAY peace never be bought with the expence of honour; but may we soon have an honourable peace.

May Britons ever shew themselves brave, and may the brave meet with success in every quarter of the world.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

All fortune's daughters but the eldest.

All we wish; and all we want.

All that gives you pleasure.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

Community, unity, navigation, trade.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

To every one that you and I know.

Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.

Life, love, and liberty.

Love to one, friendship to a few, good will to all.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Love for love.

May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be happy.
 May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.
 May the true lovers of liberty in England be for ever
 united in affection, as they are in interest.
 May we always be able to resist the assaults of prof-
 perity and adversity.
 May temptation never conquer virtue.
 May we be loved by those whom we love.
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends
 to nothing but merit.
 May the honest heart never know distress.
 May we never know sorrow but by name.
 May the evening's diversion bear the morning's re-
 flection.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.
 May those who love truly be always believ'd,
 And those who'd deceive us, be always deceiv'd.
 May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.
 May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.
 Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.
 Money to him that has spirit to use it,
 And life to him that has courage to lose it.
 More friends and less need of them.
 Peace and plenty.
 Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great-
 Britain.
 Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.
 The life we love with whom we love.
 The steady friends of Britain.
 The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.
 The union of two fond hearts.
 What charms, arms, and disarms.
 Your love for mine, and ours for that of the company.

F I N I S.



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